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The Tarborough Press, By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

Is published weekly at Two Dollars per year if paid in advance—or, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of the subscription year. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time on giving notice thereof and paying arrears. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at One Dollar the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements 25 per cent. higher. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise directed, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Family Medicines.

THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor, of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, & of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

Names and Prices of Dr. D. Jayne's Family Medicines, viz:

Jayne's Expectorant, per bottle, \$1 00
" Hair Tonic " 1 00
" ALTERNATIVE, or Life Preservative, per btl. 1 00
" Tonic Vermifuge " 0 50
" Carminative Balsam, 25 and 50
" Sanative Pills, per box, 0 25
" American Hair Dye, 0 50

All the above mentioned Medicines are prepared ONLY by Dr. D. Jayne. Inventor and Sole Proprietor, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. who has no hesitation in recommending them to the community as preparations worthy of their entire confidence, and is fully persuaded from past experience, that they will be found eminently successful in removing those diseases for which they are severally recommended. For sale in Tarboro' by

JAS. M. REDMOND, Agent.

July 12, 1845

Jayne's Ague Pills,

Are WARRANTED to make a perfect and lasting cure of Fever and Ague.

These Pills are put up in vials containing from 25 to 30 Pills each, and being thus excluded from the air, never deteriorate or undergo any change, and are WARRANTED, if used according to the directions, to be an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for

Fever and Ague.

During twelve years extensive Practice in a low marshy district of country, where Fever and Agues were very prevalent, the Proprietor was always enabled to effect radical cures, of the most inveterate cases, by the use of these Pills.

Messrs. Jayne & Pancoast of St. Louis, Mo., found these Pills so uniformly successful in curing Fever and Ague, that they sold several hundred bottles to various persons in Missouri, Illinois, &c., agreeing to return money in all cases where they failed to effect a cure, and such was the universal satisfaction the Pills gave of their value that they were never called upon to refund for a single bottle.

These Pills may also be used in all cases where a tonic or strengthening medicine may be required. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

JAS. M. REDMOND, Agent.

Tarboro', July 12, 1845.



Dr. Duffy's

ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS AND TONIC MIXTURE.

JUST RECEIVED, a supply of Dr. Duffy's Anti-bilious Pills and Tonic Mixture, an effectual remedy for Ague and Fever, &c.

GEO. HOWARD, Agent.

Tarboro', July 16.

Constables' Blanks for sale,
AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.



[SELECTED]

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain—
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!
The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade—
Short life in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

A DUTCH CURE.

By Brown.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely ped room,
Und dries to sleep very soundt,
De dreams, oh, how into mine het day ville come,
Till I wish I vas undher de groundt.

Sometimes, ven I eats von pig supper, I treams,
Dat mine chtomak ish fill full of shtones,
Und out in my shleep, like der tivel, I schreams,
Und kicks off de ped-clothes und kroans!

Den dere, ash I lays mit de ped-clothes, all off,
I kits myshelf all over froze:
In de morning I wakes mit de hetache und koff,
Und I'm shick from mine het to mine toes.

Oh, fat shall be tun for a poor man like me—
Fat for do I leaf such a life?
Some shays dere's a cure for dis drouble of me—
Dinks I'll dhry it und kit me a wife!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Raleigh Star.

GETTING MARRIED.

Dow, Jr., the inimitable preacher of the New York Sunday Mercury, thus discourses on getting married. It is said he is about to enter the holy estate of wedlock:

"Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing any thing else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter, for you know that delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life—a dog is not a touch to her. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can 'smooth your linen and your cares' for you—mend your trousers, and perchance your manners; sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you; ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sow buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of barrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such that she will do any thing to please him—except receive company in her every-day clothes. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-distilled devotedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by all means. All the excuses you fish up against 'doing the deed' ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this, if blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation; for, in union, as well as in an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs,

Marys, Loras, Olives, Elizas, Augustas, Betseys, Peggies, and Dorothys—allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you as you journey through this 'lowly vale of tears'—somebody to scour up your dull melancholy moments, and keep your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday go-to-meeting order.

Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for your husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. But one word in your ear if you please. Don't bait your hook if you please with an artificial fly of beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, wisdom, and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gewgaws, flippers, fol-de-rols, and fiddlededees, in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to live and die a self-manufactured old maid.

My hearers—get married while you are young; and then when the frosts of age shall fall and wither the flowers of affection, leaves of connubial love will still be green, and perchance a joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy twining and adorning the time-scathed oak."

From the Raleigh Independent.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. James M. Thomas was killed on Tuesday last, by a fall into a dry well upon which he was operating, at the plantation of Geo. W. Mordecai, esq. about 14 miles from the city. He was removing rock at the bottom of the well, by the process of blasting, and in ascending by what is called an Indian Ladder, he by some means slipped from near the top and was precipitated a distance of 30 feet, and fell on the bottom of the well. He remained there about 4 hours—none of the attendant slaves or others being willing to descend to remove him, from panic or other causes. It is supposed he lived 15 or 20 minutes after he fell. A young man named Dean, who came to the place, performed the service necessary to remove him. Mr. Thomas was about 36 years of age—an industrious man, and has left a deeply afflicted mother who lived with him and depended on him for support.

From the Raleigh Register.

A Runaway.—A Buffalo (N. Y.) paper contains the following paragraph:

"Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave, will speak on American slavery, at Talman Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. He is said to be an eloquent speaker. Those who feel an interest in the subject are desired to give their attendance."

This Frederick, is a runaway negro, the property of Governor Dudley, of this State, who abandoned his master in this city, about five years ago, during his official term. We speak from our own knowledge of facts, when we say that there never was a slave treated with greater kindness and indulgence than this same boy. He was Gov. Dudley's body-servant, was trusted by him with money in considerable sums, and the most implicit confidence was reposed in him. In fact, he was regarded by the whole family, more as a friend than a slave. How little he deserved it all, is shown by his present conduct. But black as has been his ingratitude, he is a respectable man, compared with his Northern aiders and abettors, who, knowing him to be a Runaway (for so they advertise him) thus sustain and encourage him, to accomplish their own fiendish purposes.

Three boys killed by Lightning.—A letter from Stewartstown, Richmond county, in this State, states that while a number of lads were playing, a storm came up, and they went to a tree for shelter, when the tree was struck by lightning and three young persons named Oberstreet, Cole and Wade were killed.—ib.

Some weeks since, a paragraph appeared in the papers, stating that Mr. John Clay, youngest son of the Hon. Henry Clay, had been confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, for insanity. We are gratified to learn that the indisposition which affected Mr. Clay, was temporary, and that he entirely recovered in a few days, and is perfectly restored to health.—ib.

Sudden deaths from heat, &c.—The number of sudden deaths in New York is unusually large. The Post says it makes one melancholy to walk through the public thoroughfares in the latter part of the afternoon, to see the large number of funeral processions continually passing along.

More than a dozen persons were carried to the dead house on Wednesday, most of whom were sun-struck, or affected by drinking cold water. During the week, or less than thirty sudden deaths have occurred.—ib.

From the Raleigh Standard.

News from Oregon.—A friend in this City has placed in our hands a letter dated Multnomah City, Oregon Territory, November the 8th, 1844, and written by Mr. Hugh Burns, formerly of Raleigh. Mr. Burns says he is still in the land of milk and Salmon, and that he hears of hundreds of others on their way to that favored region. He says the climate of Oregon is delightful, and that the people plough and sow wheat all the winter, with refreshing winds, green grass, and fat cattle around them. The people are building mills thickly upon the streams, and at the Falls of the Willamette there are three saw-mills, two flouring mills, a brick-yard, a tan-yard, machine shops of all kinds, and one hundred and forty houses. Lumber is worth \$20 per thousand, shingles \$5 per thousand; nails 20 cents per pound, iron 12 cents ditto; steel 35 cents ditto; and so on. He says he has a claim on the west bank of the Willamette, six hundred yards below the great falls, and that he has laid out a town and calls it Multnomah. The emigrants, he says, are counting confidently upon the protection of the United States. They are a bold and hardy set of men, and will do much to beat back and check the advances of British power.

Annexation in New Mexico.—The following letter is copied from the Missouri Expositor, dated Taos, New Mexico:

The glorious spirit of annexation is spreading like prairie fire up the Rio del Norte, and rattling the dried bones in New Mexico. The news of Santa Ana's collapse into prison has just reached us. Governor Martinez is levying a forced loan of \$14,000 for the soldiers. The population of Santa Fe, and all north of it amounting to 35,000, refuse to pay. John Seolly, an American merchant in Santa Fe, assessed at \$1,000, refuses to pay until Martinez accounts for \$150,000 which he has already sponged from the people of New Mexico. The governor refuses to account, but demands more. Two-thirds of the people demand annexation, as the only means to escape from the avarice and tyranny of such a government. The Americans are making large purchases of land upon the streams running into the Rio del Norte and Arkansas, anticipating annexation. Ex-Governor Armijo is stirring up and concentrating around him the means of ejecting Mexican domination, and will shortly succeed in so doing. He rises in popular esteem, and his influence increases as Martinez becomes odious and hated.

Government here is accomplishing nothing but the destruction of domestic tranquility and indiscriminate misery wherever its force is felt. The Utah Indians recently made an irruption into the neighboring settlement of Abijua—killed four, and wounded seven Mexicans. The governor and his fat soldiers, for whom we are taxed, never stirred from the barracks in the city. The Apaches, some time before, robbed Messrs. Speyars of one hundred and sixty mules on the Lower Del Norte. The governor smokes and sleeps whilst the savages devastate the whole country.

The gold mountain has been more extensively worked this season than heretofore. The search for gold has been extended to the south side of the mountain with great success. The gentlemen by whom I send this, take \$13,000 in gold dust. Some lumps valued at \$275 have been found within thirty miles of Santa Fe. The gold region lies entirely on the eastern side of the Rio del Norte, and, if worked with energy, would yield millions annually. The country is capable of being one of the most prosperous on the continent; but is every year sinking under the rapacity of its feeble tyrants. To implore the charity of the Americans, and seek to occupy a corner of the Union, is the only remedy for the unhappy people of New Mexico; and to this consummation all their hopes and wishes are directed.—ib.

From the Union.

From Texas.—By an arrival from New Orleans on the 15th instant, intelligence to the 8th instant was received. On the day of the adjournment of Congress a resolution was proposed to the House of Representatives, severely censuring the course of President Jones, and recommending to the Convention, about to assemble, his removal and the establishment of a government ad interim until annexation is complete. The motion failed, but the vote in favor of it was strong enough to show in how suspicious and obnoxious a light the Executive is regarded.

A Bridal Party Drowned.—On the

11th, Miss Rosalie Huelbig, her mother, two sisters, and Miss Dressel, were drowned in the Kaskaskia river, Illinois, which they attempted to cross on their way to Prairie du Long. Miss H. left home that morning, with a bridal party, to be married to Mr. E. H. Kettler, who with his friends was waiting at his residence, some miles distant, to receive his bride. Being alarmed at the delay, he proceeded to the river, where he saw the father of the young lady, who was on the river bank with the five corpses lying near him. The father was nearly frantic with grief. The corpses were taken to the house of the intended bridegroom, and the marriage festivities gave place to funeral rites.

From the Fayetteville Carolinian.

Mr. Sidney Weller, who writes occasionally for the Warrenton Reporter, says that a gentleman in Nash county brought a very superior kind of artichoke from Tennessee, whose yield and growth is truly astonishing. He sells the seed for \$2 a bushel, and cannot supply all customers at that. A field of 20 acres now in culture have tops as high as a man's head. (We do not know how high the man is.)

The Great Fires of 1845.—There never has been so many fires as have happened on this continent in the first six months of 1845. We annex a list of the losses experienced in the order in which they occurred.

Barbadoes,	\$2,000,000
Pittsburg,	3,500,000
London, Conn.	500,000
Fayetteville,	500,000
Quebec,	7,500,000
Matanzas,	1,600,000
New York,	6,000,000
Total,	\$21,000,000

The aggregate surpasses the loss by the great fire in New York in 1845. Thus about twenty millions of dollars of property was destroyed.

We are informed that the Account Books, Checks and other manuscripts belonging to Crocker & Warren have been recovered, having suffered no farther injury from the fire than the total erasure of all entries made in blue ink, while those made in black were uniformly legible. If this is true it is a fact which should be generally known.—N. Y. Tribune.

From the Raleigh Star.

Trial of Henry G. Green.—The trial of Henry G. Green for poisoning his wife at Troy, New York, resulted in his conviction. The circumstances of the case were as follows: Green saw the lady while connected with a strolling company of temperance players, and, after a short courtship married her. The match was opposed by all his friends, and particularly his mother, who after the marriage bitterly reproached him in a letter, making insinuations against his wife. Induced by these circumstances, it is said, he administered arsenic to her, pretending that it was soda powders, in sufficient quantity to cause death.

The Albany Journal has the annexed comments upon the testimony, which discloses a case of the most hardened villainy:

"As the jury is not allowed to see newspapers until the trial is over, there can be no harm in saying that the testimony discloses one of the most deliberate cold-blooded murders we have ever read. Green had been married but a short time to a beautiful, affectionate, and confident girl of eighteen, he being twenty-two. Without any provocation or cause, (for while she was dying she appealed to him to say whether she had ever deceived him, or in any way conducted improperly, and was answered in the negative.) this monster dosed her, day and night, with arsenic, which he put into her coffee, her chicken broth, and in her medicine, standing by the bedside unmoved while the poison was agonizing her with pain! And what is more strange than fiction is the fact that this poison was repeatedly administered when persons around the sufferer were witnessing its deadly effects. The victim herself, though apparently conscious that her husband was murdering her, took whatever he offered."

From the Raleigh Register.

Intermarriages and Insanity.—The Cincinnati Herald contains an article on this subject, designed to show that intermarriages of blood relations always tend to deprave the race, and often lead to insanity. It is shown that in Catholic countries, where such marriages are interdicted, cases of insanity are very rare, while in Protestant countries they are of frequent occurrence. Thus, in Spain, the proportion of insane is but 1 in 7184, while in the United States they are 1 to 800.